

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, July 21, 1810.

[NO. 13.]

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

In Continuation.

"More than two years had expired, during which time I had been confined within the precincts of the Castle of Peschia, wearied with grief and remorse. The effervescence of a warm climate increased that disposition I had received from nature, and perhaps the worst of my torments was, that I was obliged to restrain those fires which consumed me. Often, while indulging my ardent reveries among the shady groves, I perceived a shepherd, seated under the shade of a beech tree, with a young village maiden. The sight filled my heart with sorrow, and my eyes with tears. I wandered alone through the thick groves, reflecting that if my cruel hand had spared my lover, I might have tasted the same pleasures as these shepherds.

"It was about this period when an old woman, who furnished the Castle with cream and cheese, requested my permission to present her niece to me, whom she intended should succeed to her business: I willingly consented; and one

morning as I sat at my toilet, I saw the good Genova, followed by a young country lass, whom she told me was her relation, and begged to recommend her to my protection.—'She is a poor orphan,' said she, 'who has nothing to depend upon but her innocence and your kindness, Signora.' I promised it to her, and the young person said she would do all in her power to merit it.

"If I was struck with the uncommon beauty, the decent, yet noble air, and the captivating graces of the niece of Genova, I was still more surprised when some days after I conversed with her: she not only expressed herself in the most polished and elegant language, but the subjects on which she spoke, evinced an understanding far above the vulgar.

"One time in particular, when I was contemplating her, whilst with her delicate fingers she was pressing the teats of a cow, and was filling a large bowl with milk not more white than her own bosom, on a sudden she started from her work, and attentively examined the milk. By the suffusion which covered her countenance, I

perceived she was agitated by a secret emotion. I asked her the cause : ' Alas, she exclaimed, ' if this animal is not speedily relieved, in an hour or two at farthest she must die.' This was not the time to enquire further ; but when, by a decoction of balsamic herbs, which she herself culled, she had stopped the progress of the disorder she had observed, I asked her what symptoms had discovered it to her? She answered ' That it was the livid colour and mottled streaks in the milk.' Pursuing afterwards this proposition, she entered into a chemical analysis of the nature, qualities, and properties of that liquor, the causes that might alter it, and the inductions to be drawn by that means relative to the health of the animal that had produced it.

" My astonishment and admiration increased at hearing such scientific observations from one whom I should have supposed only capable of speaking the rustic idiom of her native village. ' Explain,' said I, ' by what miracle you possess such information ; if Genova had not assured me you were her niece, I should have thought you a divinity disguised in sylvan habits : your appearance and your knowledge would justify such an opinion.

' It is doubtless,' she replied, ' to your partiality I am indebted for the favourable comparison you have made between the little knowledge I possess, and the ex-

treme ignorance you have observed throughout this part of the country. Like them, Signora, I am but a plain country girl, but I have had the happiness to find in the lover who has gained my affections, a man of sense, who has instructed me. It is to his lessons I am indebted for what knowledge I possess, as it is to his tenderness I owe the happiness I enjoy.'

" This frank confession made me desirous of learning further details. Zanetta (for I need not conceal her name) answered me without reserve ; and the following is the substance of what I learned from her. She thus addressed me :

' The venerable Chrysostome, Curate of Peschia, is an old man, equally pious and benevolent : his whole life is divided between the service of the altar, and the relief of the wretched. Incapable himself of those frailties which dishonour human nature, yet is he compassionate to those of others : he is indulgent to his fellow-creatures as severe to himself. He regards the peasantry, whose spiritual minister he is, as his own family, and on all occasions shares his slender patrimony with them. In short, he possesses every virtue that can adorn a priest, without those defects which degrade the man.— I should not think it necessary to describe his character to you, if it were not to convince you how worthy he is of that confidence which the first Lords of Italy reposed in him.

‘ One day a splendid carriage, drawn by a set of beautiful horses, and accompanied by a numerous and superb retinue, stopped at the parsonage-house of Peschia. A young man got out, whose countenance more distinguished him than the richness of his apparel, and proved him to be a Nobleman of the first rank. Having introduced himself to Signor Chrysotome, he remained with him above two hours ; after which he returned to his carriage, and took the road to Venice, having previously bestowed on the good Curate every testimony of esteem and friendship. I have since learned what passed at this interview, and will inform you.

‘ At one of those assemblies which have rendered the Carnival of Venice so famous and attractive, the young Lorenzi, the only son of Prince Feducci Cornaro, and last of one of the most noble families of the Republic, became enamoured of a young and beautiful girl, of the province of Bergamo. The charms of her features and the graces of her manners were characteristic of the endowments of her mind. Lorenzi, who knew not before what love was, now felt that passion in its utmost excess.—His mistress did not discourage his addresses ; she allowed him to hope, and when she left him, consented to encourage his future attentions.

‘ The young lover delayed not

to profit by her condescension ; but he found that Fortune had not been so favourable as Nature to the idol of his heart. Florina (for so she was called) was the daughter of a tradesman of Bergamo, who through the recommendation of one of the officers of the Senate of Venice, had obtained a situation under that Assembly, and had been dead about five years. His widow had retired to the country, and lived upon the produce of her labour, which consisted in making silken fillets, with which most of the Italians confine their hair, in the same manner as the Spaniards of Andalusia. Florina assisted her mother. She seldom went out—saw no one, but lived a modest and recluse life.—Once a year, in Carnival time, her mother took her to the Ridotto ; but, as her age and infirmities did not allow her to mix in the diversions, she entrusted her daughter to one of the inferior conductors of the festival, with whom she was acquainted.

‘ It was thus she became acquainted with Lorenzi. Her young and inexperienced heart beat in unison with the one she had captivated : a second interview completed her defeat.

‘ From that time an intimate, though imprudent and disproportioned, connection was formed between them, which was the source of many a bitter regret. Lorenzi and Florina, abandoned to an amo-

rous passion, doubted now but it would be crowned by marriage ; the vanity of the mother was flattered at seeing her daughter the mistress of a grandee, and she secretly hoped she should soon call him her son-in-law.

‘The latter who thought this circumstance would be the means of forwarding the marriage and happiness of her daughter, received her confession with joy, and informed Lorenzi of it ; who redoubled his tenderness, and the next day proposed to his father to unite him by marriage with her to whom he was already united by love.

‘But such was not the intention of the haughty Conarro. After having reproached his son with the baseness of his passion, he ordered him, without delay, to break off a connection with a girl, who, though she might with propriety be his mistress, could not, without an insult to his family, become his wife.

‘The grief of the young lord was inexpressible, and was augmented by the reproaches of Florina’s mother. As to Florina, who loved too sincerely to be actuated by pride or interest, she endeavoured to console her lover, and to calm her mother : she succeeded, and in the midst of her misfortunes was happy ; she suffered them for an adored object, and could secure his welfare by that which in the eyes of the predicted was her own shame.

‘Six months after she gave birth to a child, the care and education of which Lorenzi entrusted to Chrysostome. Florina, as I afterwards learned, took the veil in a monastery distinguished for the severity of its regulations ; and a few years after, her mother died.

‘The son of Lorenzi was brought up by the Curate of Peschia as his nephew, under the name of Antoni. I am nearly of his age ; he was constantly at my mother’s house, where I was always with him ; we passed our earliest years together, and scarce ever quitted each other.

‘Chrysostome was informed of our attachment. To an heart truly amiable, he added an understanding perfectly cultivated. Among the different branches of science with which he was acquainted, that of botany delighted him most. He wished to inspire Antoni with a taste for it ; but the study of the mineral chemistry engaged his attention, and he obtained a high reputation for his excellence in it. He had not however neglected the fine arts for the study of the profound and useful ones : he was equally skilled in celebrating the praises of Heaven upon the majestic harp, or attuning his mandolin to the soft strains of love.—To the most captivating manners he added a good character, a spotless soul, and a genius equally brilliant and solid.

‘Chrysostome, who was guided

in the education he bestowed upon Antoni by the advice of his father, who came every two or three months to see him, destined him for the Church ; but the son of Lorenzi had received from his father a heart which the good Curate had not consulted, and he preferred the love of a young maiden to the ministry of the altar.

"That young maiden was myself :—we loved each other from the cradle as brother and sister : arrived at riper years, he gathered garlands of flowers to present to me ; and now we have reached maturity, our minds, which resemble each other, have been directed towards the same objects.—I owe to him the little I possess ; it is to him I am indebted for desiring to learn. Love and innocence were the basis of an attachment which constituted the happiness of our early years, and which time promises to increase.

"It was thus the poor and guiltless heart of Zanetta, actuated by those virtuous and heavenly sentiments, which were her chief ornament, poured into mine the secrets of her innocent loves ; but as it received them, the empoisoned leaven which fermented in it, changed and corrupted their purity. While that amiable girl was unfolding her own soul, mine, soured by my own miseries, and jealous of her happiness, meditated the means of depriving her of him, who was the cause and object of it.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A MEMOIR

OF AN UNFORTUNATE FEMALE.

A few days since, being called to the debtor's prison of this city, to see a friend who had unfortunately came there by his own imprudence ; and as for that, it may be said that it is most generally by our own imprudence, want of judgment and calculation, that we bring upon ourselves our own miseries and misfortunes.

During my continuance there, curiosity led me to an apartment, where I beheld a number of forlorn females ; and among the rest, one whose air of modesty and gracefulness of manners betrayed a superiority of accomplishment, and whose appearance and natural deportment I was sensible had seen and enjoyed better days.

I advanced towards her, and could not forego asking her, by what error in life came she hither. She saw from my appearance that I seemed to pity her deplorable situation, and with a seeming intent to give me some little relation of herself, and in language fraught with meekness and simplicity, she answered—

"Why, sir, from a person situated as I am in life, an inhabitant of this scene of disgrace and wretchedness, truth is rarely expected,

and when spoken but very seldom believed, but since you have condescended to notice me, I shall feel a pleasure in gratifying your curiosity.

"I am the daughter of an affluent and respectable merchant in Philadelphia; received my education at Bethlehem, where I was placed by my parents under the instruction and protection of a very celebrated and respectable tutress, until I was nearly seventeen, when my brother in a vacation from Princeton College, in company with a young gentleman, a classmate of his, by the name of *Murton*, paid me a visit about a year since, and by their repeated solicitations I concluded to accompany them home to my fathers.

"*Murton* was from the southward, and being the son of an independent planter, to his natural address, his many opportunities had added those affable and winning accomplishments that were calculated to impose upon my credulity and inexperience.

"He stayed with us at my father's house some time, till chance had given him many opportunities of making an avowal of his sentiments and *professed* attachments to me of love and affection, which I received with that warmth natural to youthful credulity.

"Having impressed my father with the belief of the honor and rectitude of his intentions, he gain-

ed his consent that I should accompany him in his carriage to visit his sisters at Charleston, with the novelty of which I was much pleased.

"The weather being good, we left my father's house and proceeded on our journey; and you will pardon me, with the keenest pangs of regret I tell you, that I little thought the next fair morn would find me no longer virtuous.

"In violation of the most sacred principles of confidence and hospitality, thus was my happiness and the peace of my family destroyed forever.

"And while they were cherishing, as they thought, the companionship of their son and daughter, they nurtered a viper, who has planted stings in their bosom that no time nor season can extract.

"I was carried to Charleston, and abandoned to my own wretchedness, and an unpitied world.—The climate not agreeing with my constitution, I came to this city, where from necessity and *disgrace*, having been obliged to lead a vicious course of life, you now find me here by the means of an unfeeling creditor, whose demand I am unable to satisfy."

The piteous tale, and the pensive air and plaintive voice with which she told it, I found was getting the better of my feelings, being unable to relieve her distresses,

I turned away, and could not help exclaiming to myself—thus we see the calamities and miseries of life so unequally distributed. It seems as if misfortune aim'd her deadliest blow, where virtue and innocence once did and still would wish to preside. There to behold she who once was happy with fortune and with friends, who had not only tasted, but experienced luxury and ease; who once was as innocent and blooming as the morning rose, whose beauty ne'er had its rival, and whose gaiety knew no guile, now reduced to the scanty charity of a merciless world.

Alas! how little they avail thee now—the damp walls of a prison, and the screeches of the corrupted victims of disgrace, thy only companions and consolation.

RELATOR.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CHATTERER—No. II.

“The man whose sole ambition is after fame, will be always in raptures when he receives praise from the judicious; but he who wishes at the same time to improve himself, and be useful to others, will be more pleased with *admonitions* than *encomiums*.” HILL.

I am sensible that nothing is so easy as to give *praise*, and nothing so difficult as to administer *reproof* to a friend; but the intended purpose in regard to him who bestows them, is never answered by the

first, while it is indubitably procured from the other, though it made no part of the original consideration.

We hate and despise the man who loads us with applause which we do not deserve, even while we accept it; and on the other hand, we have the assurance of one of the wisest of men, that *he who reprooveth a man shall find more favour with him in the end, than he who flattereth him.*

Admonition on occasion of errors is the greatest act of amity one man can exert towards another; yet though the world never abounded more with what are called *friends* than at present, this honest, this worthiest office, was perhaps never in such utter contempt or disregard. A man's intimates are always the first to see his foibles, but they are the last in the world that will put him in mind of them; they would esteem it a breach of good manners to tell him of his faults or foibles to his face, though they do not see that it is a breach of friendship to be merry with them in his absence; or even to make themselves the occasion of subjecting him to the ridicule of others, who would for the want of abilities or opportunities, never otherwise have found them out.

There is indeed but one circumstance under which people, who have called themselves by this

name, usually break through the rule—that is in case of a quarrel. But how disingenuous and subtle must it appear to a candid observer to hear every miscarriage, every ill thing that two such people have known of one another, thrown out with virulent rage, to disgrace and vilify the person, under the warmth of an animosity, while not the least hint had ever been given of any one of them under the sanctity of friendship.

Reproof from friends actuated duly by that amiable principle, and delivered with candour, would seldom fail of its end; I know none among the social duties that is easier in the execution, none the obligations to which are more sacred or indispensable, nor any that is calculated so eminently for the benefit as well of the community as of the individuals. Little faults are reprov'd with temper, and all faults are little ones at first; no man becomes abandoned all at once.

Friends are the people who have opportunities of seeing these first approaches to ill, and they are those from whom private admonition will be best received, and will make the strongest impression. How just a pride would a man take in having prevented in their infancy, ills that when grown up, would have been irremediable! How noble a triumph must it be in his own thoughts, to reflect that he has

made a person his friend, and an honor to society, who would otherwise have been an enemy and reproach to it!

The whole world will declare, that it is not reconcileable with a profession of friendship to see a man throwing away his fortune and not admonishing himself for it—but the very people who would not be witnesses to this without exclaiming against it, will see him throw away his virtue, his reputation, his eternal welfare, without one thought that it is their duty to put him in mind he is doing wrong. Custom has rendered this neglect familiar, but it is against all reason to be sway'd by that custom: our friends indeed have a right to this assistance from us; and by that generous principle that makes all men our brethren, that thinks *nothing of human species unallied to it*, every one has the same lawful claim to it.

The excellent series of precepts delivered in some of the first books of the old Testament, tells us that if we see the ox or the ass of a stranger, nay, of one that hates us, going out of its way, or sinking under its burthen, we are to bring it back or relieve it. There is not a humane breast but what glows with a generous warmth of reading a lesson of so noble charity; what infatuation is it then that the heart, which receives with applause that command of doing good to the brute servant of an enemy, should

hesitate at performing it for the person of his friend?

It is not only in regard to our friends, indeed, that we are to look upon admonition as a duty; it is not less to ourselves. Though human justice can only punish the person who commits the offence, conscience, and he who is to confirm that sentence hereafter, which conscience never fails to pass upon our faults when they are committed, will condemn the man who looked on and said what he might have prevented, as an accessory to the crime.

I do not know a greater scandal to society than to make ourselves merry with the follies or the crimes of others, who are not present; if we would prefer the being honest to the appearing witty, and give our censures a softer turn while we directed them to the only ears that could be profited by them, we should cut off so nefarious a pleasure.

I am aware that the general excuse from so essential a duty to ourselves, so good an office to our friends, to the whole human species, and to society itself, as composed of them, will be that it is doing a disagreeable service, and that it hurts a man of a tender or but of a polite disposition, to say anything to a man he esteems, that may give uneasiness. For my own part this is an uneasiness I shall always think the man who gives me, and esteem him as one

who mitigates a penalty I have incurred, and sets his private censure in the place of that of the world. I shall laugh at the false delicacy that would suppress so important an act of friendship, and look upon him who calls himself my friend, and see me running into errors, but declines telling me so for fear of giving me pain, as I would on the man who saw me poisoned and would not help me to a remedy for fear of informing me I was in danger.

The man who sees virtue and friendship in their true light, will know that the latter cannot subsist when the former is broken upon; if not for his friend's sake, yet merely for his own, if he were happy in the acquaintance, he would though he wanted a better motive, admonish him against things which would make it necessary to give him up; if his private remonstrance failed, he would appeal to their acquaintance as the judges between them; and if their voice had no effect to remove the cause of complaint, he would drop his acquaintance, as he no longer found him the man with whom he made it.

Such is the conduct, reason and humanity requires of us, and such are the precepts of that divine monitor, who has adopted all his instructions to awe natural condition, and who in the case of a trespass in a brother, advises us first to tell him his faults between our-

selves and him alone ; if he refuse to hear, to make one or two others the witnesses between us ; if this fail, to refer the cause to more numerous and equitable judges ; and if he refuse to hear those, to let him thereafter be to us as a *heathen* and a *publican*.

LABEO.

Cherry-Street, July 10.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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The Paphian Bowers, Month of Roses.

Messrs. Printers,

As your paper is duly received in the immortal regions where I reside, I peruse them as they come out : and whereas a person has answered Morden's Soliloquy, under the signature of Nuptial Ties, but instead of amending or confuting the effusion of that dull splenetic mortal, he has actually disclosed the only effectual remedy that ever has or will be found to alleviate the pain that a wound from my arrow creates (religion.) Now this is to inform him or her (for I rather suspect it is the production of a disappointed old maid) that if they attempt to enter the labyrinth of matrimony by any other road than I direct, they may be assured, that though prudence may guard them from the thorns that skirt the way, they will have the shoals of indifference, the quicksands of jealousy, and the rocks of contention to encounter ; for as the articles of agreement

that were drawn between Hymen and me (at the creation) is not nor ever will be cancelled, though they demand : interest is using the utmost of his endeavours to have have it thought so : he is bound by them to punish all those who presume to enter his temple with any other guide than yours to command,

CUPID.

TO MORDEN.

P. S. As I am rather apprehensive that the wound inflicted by Emma's blooming cheek was not deep enough, beware, I have another arrow in store if you provoke me by presuming to doubt my power, to bend you to my will, in defiance of your philosophy.—
Your friend, as may be.

CUPID.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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Mr. Wizzard,

As I perceive by the last number of the Lady's Miscellany, you are very apt at answering questions concerning the Ladies, I would beg the liberty of suggesting the following ones for your consideration.

Every fine day, why are the young ladies more numerous than young gentlemen walking up and down Broadway ?

Why are the young ladies more fond of shopping than the young gentlemen ?

What makes them girt themselves so tight round the waist, and often to appear *killing genteel*?

What makes them have tea-parties, and visit so much more frequent than the young gentlemen?

What is the reason of their being more "long-tongued" than young men?

What is the reason that the "female part of God's creation" have more *volability* than the male part?

And lastly, be pleased to tell the reason, why they never can *keep a secret*?

The foregoing seem to be traits in the female characters, which I have always rank'd among the *unaccountables*, and by your *happy knack*, if you will have the kindness to answer them I shall be quite obliged.

Yours, &c.

JACK DOUBT.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

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A man in Forris, who was blind from his infancy, and whose ingenuity in mechanics has excited much astonishment, was lately

committed to goal, on a charge of entering into several shops by means of keys which he had made for the purpose, and carrying off goods of every description. It is said, that owing to the peculiar construction of one of the locks he had devoted a great portion of three years in making a key to fit it.

A Christening. On Tuesday last, was initiated as a Christian, in the parish church of Stillinton, in Yorkshire, by the Rev. William Oddie, Ruth North, of that place, aged 80 years. The sponsors were her son, aged 60, and her two daughters, also well advanced in years. It is presumed the ceremony of the godmother's handing the infant into the arms of the clergyman, was dispensed with on this occasion, the godchild being of the jolly order; and we know the reverend divine is not very athletic.

Singular effects of a storm. A thunder-storm or tornado was experienced in the vicinity of St. Albans, (Ver.) one day last month, during which a number of houses were unroofed, several horses and cattle killed, and forests levelled by the violence of the wind—and also the door and corner-stone of the jail in St. Albans so shattered and broken, that two prisoners were *blown out*—one at the door and the other through the corner, and one

of them has never been heard of since !

The once-famous Asiatic *Nabob*, Paul Benfield, who brought from the East-Indies, a fortune of little less than a *million* sterling, died lately at Paris, in very indigent circumstances.

Bonaparte has produced so many extraordinary events, and has acquired such a command over the affairs of the Continent, that it would not be surprising if he were to order the *ci-devant* Pope to marry the Ex-Empress Josephine.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Dear Sir, in your paper one day in last week,

A squib, meaning nothing I hope,
Appear'd, saying *Boney* might take a
new freak,

And force me to marry the *Pope*,
If he should tho' compel me to new mar-
riage vows,

What I've suffered could ne'er be
surpassed,
True it is I should have a most sad
wretched spouse,

But could he be worse than the last ?

JOSEPHINE.

EPIGRAM,

*On Bonaparte's demanding the Emperor
of Austria's daughter in marriage.*

That Francis to make a bad Peace was
beguil'd,

Has been certainly long understood :
And now after all taking from him his
child,

The Corsican will have *his blood*.

Hereditary Titles, &c. ridiculed.

The following anecdote is related in the life of the famous Andrew Fletcher : " Fletcher used to say with Cromwell and Milton, that the trappings of monarchy and a great aristocracy would patch up a very clever little commonwealth. Being in company one day with the witty Dr. Pitcairn, the conversation turned on a person of learning whose history was not distinctly known to all present. " I know the man well," said Fletcher ; " he was hereditary professor of divinity at Hamburgh."—*Hereditary professor !*" said Pitcairn, with a laugh of astonishment and derision.—" Yes, Doctor," replied Fletcher, " hereditary professor of divinity. What think you of a hereditary king ?"

We understand that a British ship of war has lately been discovered on Lake-Ontario, 44 miles East of the Fort, about 20 feet below the surface of the water, which was lost 30 years ago. This vessel was going across the Lake, from Niagaria, to Kingston, on the opposite shore, and had several British Officers, and others, and passengers, when she sunk.

Marblehead, July 9.

Saturday, arrived at this port brig Cato, Capt. Lewis Girdler, from Corunna and Isle of May, 35

days from the latter, where he tarried one day—says a fever raged there with the greatest violence, supposed to proceed from want of rain, as they had not experienced any for four years—Gould not tell what number had died, but victims to it were falling every day. One of the inhabitants informed him he had lost 9 sons, and another 3, in a very short space of time. The island contains about 800 inhabitants.

MARSHAL BASSOMPIERRE.

It was customary with this commander when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them "By G—, brother, you or I must be hanged;" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and the next day, as the Prevost was carrying the man to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alledging he had something of importance to communicate. The Marshal being made acquainted with his request, exclaimed in his rough and hasty manner, "It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my Lord," said the cul-

prit, "when first I had the honor of your conversation, you were obliging enough to say, that either *you or I must be hanged*:—now, I come to know wether it is *your* pleasure to be so; because if you *wont*, I *must*, that's all." The Marshal was so pleased with the address that he pardoned him.

He who lives disorderly one year, does not live comfortably for five years to come.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JULY 21, 1810.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Our credits for paper never exceeding three months, and having to pay cash for every thing else necessary to the printing the Lady's Miscellany, we are obliged to alter our terms to quarterly payments.

The City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.—viz. 8 men, 12 women, 14 boys, and 8 girls.

Among the attractive novelties exhibited in honor of our nation's birth, on the 4th instant, none are more pleasing than the extraordinary assemblies of the *Ladies* in different places, where they have appeared to the number of many hundreds, chiefly in uniform dress, and decorated the processions and entertainments with their presence. All our festivities and commemorations would be tempered and sweetened by female participation.

Fatal Accident.—On the 15th inst. Mr. Moses T. Crane was shot through the body and immediately expired. The circumstances as related to us, are as follows; Mr. C. sent a boy to bring him a fowling-piece, while he (Mr. C.) was engaged in cleaning another; the boy returned with the gun, and standing near the deceased with the muzzle of the piece within a few feet of Mr. C. when the gun went off, and the contents were lodged in the most vital part of Mr. Crane's body, who fell and expired without a groan. *M. Ad.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Quiz is inadmissible, from the personal allusions in his piece.

Chatterer to Censor, will be attended to
Cosmetic Doctor is inadmissible, for reasons which will be explained to the author in a private interview.

Erratas—In the communication signed "*Adven*," inserted in the 11th No. of the Miscellany, in the 5th page, 1st line, for "*fertility*," read "*futility*;" and in 6th paragraph, for "*the generality known*," read "*too generally known*."

In *Censor*, No. I, 48th line, instead of reading "*not attempting to reason upon their impropriety, as there are certain principles of good sense, to overstep which would be treason*," read, not attempting to reason upon their impropriety, as there are certain principles of good sense, which to reason upon would be treason.—77th line, instead of "*as*," read "*at*."—The word "*us*," should have been thus—"us." "*Exempli gratia*," should be *exempli gratia*.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Samuel Vay, of Salem, to Miss Leah Donnelly, of Staten Island.

On the 18th inst. at the Friends meeting in Liberty-street, Benjamin Clark, esq. counsellor at law, to Miss Deborah Franklin, daughter of Thomas Franklin, merchant, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richard Moore, Mr. Thomas S. Uffington, to Miss Ann Hallett, both of this city.

At Cedar Swamp, L. I. on Thursday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Rowland P. Allen, merchant of this city, to Miss Sarah Townsend, daughter of Hulet Townsend, of the former place.

At Say-Brook, (Con.) Mr. F. Jarvis of New-Haven, to the beautiful and celebrated Miss Sarah M'Hart of the former place.

DIED,

On Tuesday afternoon, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Alderson, aged 23 years.

On Tuesday evening, after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. Thomasin Gordon, aged 60 years.

On Wednesday last, Mr. John Knox, merchant.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. William Hammond, cartman.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah Erwin, relict of Capt. George Erwin.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

Farewell, dear girl: alas! a long adieu
 To all the pleasure which the town
 affords!
 By fate I'm urged to fly, my love, from
 you,
 For legal science in our Northern
 woods.

Yes! Hudson's length shall ebb and
 flow between,
 While oft I watch its stilly gliding
 course—
 And oft I'll trace the twilight's fading
 gleam,
 With secret pangs of bitterest re-
 morse.

Each morn before Aurora wakes, I'll
 rise
 And o'er the dew-bath'd fields direct
 my way
 To some dark grove to vent my early
 sighs,
 Until the sun shall kiss the infant day.

Then to my books I'll homeward muse
 along,
 And vainly strive Eliza's frame to
 lose:
 'll catch the music of the woodland
 song,
 While silent thought is wrapp'd in
 sad recluse.

At e'en, when Sol illumines the Western
 clouds
 That hang suspended o'er the distant
 lake;

I'll feel for thee, expos'd to spish clouds'
 Till thro' my bosom ev'ry fibre shake

No more, sweet maid! but may I far
 away

Expect thou wilt by soft compassion
 taught,

A languid look unguardedly betray,
 Or for your Edgar bear a tender
 thought.

Could I but think so, lovely fair, e'en
 now

I'd almost wish this instant to de-
 part;

Sorrow no more should lash my thought-
 ful brow,

Nor sadness bind triumphant round
 my heart—adieu.

May modest virtue life's fair flow'r
 adorn,

Thy bosom still with ev'ry blooming
 grace;

There may it flourish safe from ev'ry
 storm,

And spread its lustre o'er thy glow-
 ing face.

EDGAR.

—:~:—
 SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

A SONG,

Written in 1791, by the Rev. Dr. Dwight

Look, lovely maid, on yonder flower,

And see that busy fly,

Made for the enjoyment of an hour,

And only born to die.

See; round the rose he lightly moves,

And wantons in the sun,

This little life in joy improves,
And lives before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom learn,
The present hour to prize ;
Nor leave to days supreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair can'st thou divine,
That morrow's hidden doom,
Know'st thou, if cloudless skies will
shine,
Or Heaven be wrap'd in gloom.

Fond man, the trifle of a dog,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night-

The present joys are all we claim,
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer then, fair maid, delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay ;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit ! thou lovely maid,
Thy bashful, virgin pride;
To-day the happy plot be laid,
The bands to-morrow tied !

The purest joys shall be our own,
That e'er to man were giv'n,
And then bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in Heav'n.

THE TRAUGH WELCOME.

From the Irish.

Shall a son of O'Donnel be cheerless
and cold,
While M'Kenna's wide hearth has a
faggot to spare ?

While O'Donnel is poor shall M'Kenna
have gold,
Or be cloth'd while a limb of O'Don-
nel is bare ?

While sickness and hunger thy sinews
assail,
Shall M'Kenna unmov'd quaff his mad-
der of mead ;
On the haunch of a deer shall M'Kenna
regale,
While a chief of Tyrconnel is fainting
for bread ?

No ? enter my dwelling, my feast thou
thou shalt share ;
On my pillow of rushes thy head shall
recline :
And bold is the heart of the hand that
will dare
To harm but one hair of a ringlet of
thine.

Then come to my home, 'tis the home
of a friend,
In the green woods of Truagh thou'rt
safe from thy foes :
Six songs of M'Kenna thy steps shall
attend,
And their six sheathless skeans shall
protect thy repose.

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